THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.] ALBANY, SATURDAY, FEBUARY 6, 1841. [VOL. II—NO. 23.

MASONIC.

ORATION.

Masonry had its origin in an early age, when architecture was less known than at present, and when those skilled in it, formed a more distinct and important class of society, than they now do. Assembled in vast numbers whilst rearing the stupendous edifices of antiquity they became by the pursuit of one common object, more closely united as individuals. A knowledge of their own art, in which each part is dependent on others, for beauty, symetry and strength, applied to man in his relations to his fellow men, suggested the plan of our present society, and induced the attempt to rear a moral edifice, in which the weak and apparently discordant parts, should be united in one strong and beauteous whole. To accomplish this, they blended with their mechanical pursuits, the cultivation of the most sublime morality, and the practice, of what are now esteemed, the most exalted christian virtues. They were then, as they now are, possessed of secrets that were necessarily shrouded from the world; and rendered their meetings mysterious to the uninitiated.—Curiosity induced some, and a discovery of the beneficial effects of the institution, led others, who were not operative Masons, to seek admission into the society, until the limits that originally circumscribed it were entirely passed, the individual pursuits of its members wholly disregarded, the practice of its moral virtues only required, and speculative masonry, as it now exists, and has existed for ages, was established.

Antiquity has always been the boast of every human institution; and when united with the continued affection of its members, has been, and ever must be regarded, as evidence of inherent excellence, and of the basis on which it has been established. This is true, as well of civil, as religious institutions. Governments that have long withstood the assaults of foreign and domestic violence, that remain unsubdued by war, and unshaken by faction, are regarded with reverence, and studied with attention. We discover in their organization some peculiar merit, and thus bind their subjects together, and enables them to withstand the influence of time, and the violence of man's ever mutable passions.

We will not now attempt to ascertain, whether Solomon, or any other man is entitled to the appellation of founder. It cannot be expected that we will point to the page of history, and shew when and where the society commenced. Had it been one organized for political purposes, used as the means of overturning governments, arming itself in warlike panoply, and hedding the blood of its opponents; history would ehave shewn its rise and progress. But as instead of surrounding itself with terrors, exhibiting the cruelty of religious fanaticism, or the ensanguined glory of martial achievement, we find it in the still and silent walks of private life, operating on man individually, and seeking alone his moral perfection; we should search in vain through the blood stained pages of ancient history, for any notice of its existence. Let us then rest satisfied with the latest date, that even the enemies of the society may be pleased to assign it; and we shall have more of antiquity to boast, than any other institution now in existence. The breath of the destroyer has swept from the earth generation after generation of mankind, empires have risen, flourished, fallen and been forgotten; the monuments of human wisdom, greatness, and power, vainly deemed imperishable; have crumbled into dust, under the mouldering hand of time, whilst Masonry still survives, her splendor, her usefulness, and the number of her votaries, still undiminished. Nor has persecution conquered the affections of her followers. Tho' threatened by the imperial edict of an Alexander, openly assaulted by a cruel and bloody Ferdinand, beseiged by ignorance and superstition; the battlements of her fortress still rear themselves proudly to view, and her banner floats broadly on the breeze.

The temple of Masonry is open to all who approach its portals with proper recommendations. There is here no distinction made, in country, language, manners or religion. The Laplander and Hotentot, the Indian and Parisian, the Christian and Mahomedan, may each find ready entrance; and participate freely, in the rites, ceremonies, enjoyments, benefits, and duties common to all. The barriers that divide nation from nation, the distinctions that obtain in different grades of civilization, the antipathies engendered by religious differences, must all be disregarded in a society that professes to view the whole species as one family, descended from the same stock, enjoying the same rights, owing the same duties, subject to the same calamities, liable to the same errors, and advancing to the same common end. There are duties which man owes to his fellow man, of whatever kindred or tongue he may be; and which our common creator alike requires of all. To ensure the discharge of these duties, to break down the prejudices common to the human mind and soften our feelings toward each other; Masonry was originally established, without reference to any particular faith, and therefore cannot now peremptorily require any other religious qualification than belief in a God. Let none be startled at this declaration, or suppose there is any thing in the tenets of the society, inimical to christianity, or that encourages a disbelief in that religion. Whilst it leaves every member free in the profession of any faith subordinate to the belief in a Deity, its precepts and injunctions have an intimate connexion with the Holy Scriptures, and foster and cherish the feeling, that are there particularly recommended. But why should I say more, when the presence of our reverend brethren on this occasion, should satisfy even the scrupulous.

But the principles of the society deserve and demand a more attentive consideration.

Brotherly love and charity are the two main pillars, on which the whole fabric rests. Had a selection been made from the moral virtues inculcated by the word of God, of such as should form the basis of an institution established for the security of man's happiness here; none could have been found so eminently calculated to attain the end, as brotherly love and charity.

Man is not formed by nature to exist in a separate and isolated state, living by and for himself alone; but is, and must be dependent, on the affections of others, on their sympathy in the hour of distress, and their rejoicing in his prosperity, for half his happiness here below. The path we have to tread through life, is rough and barren of enjoyment; but Providence has kindly planted here and there a flower, whose beauty and fragrance, cheer us onward in the way. Brotherly love is one of the brightest and richest colors. By a wise organization of the human mind, its joys are increased, and its sorrows diminished by participation. Does an occasion of unusual or unexpected rejoicing occur? We instantly hasten to him, whom nature by a congeniality of feeling and sentiment, has marked for our brother, and in the gladness that brightens his countenance find our joy redoubled. But if our fortunes shall be overcast with gloom; if the world shall frown on us in adversity, the sympathising pity that beams from the eye of fraternal love, shall heal our wounded spirits, and animate us to renewed exertion, by the consciousness that our lives, our happiness, and our welfare still interest those who are connected with us, by the ties of blood, or the bonds of the Masonic union. The want of this sympathy, has borne down many, whose spirits were of the noblest cast, and who were fitted to walk this earth proudly erect, dispensing joy and happiness around them; and if Masonry has saved one such, from the gloom of despair, or the darkness of the grave, her name should be hallowed, now, and forever.

But charity is the most brilliant jewel with which Masonry adorns herself. This stands pre-eminent among the virtues that God in his holy word, calls on man practice. It assimilates him more nearly to that perfection possessed only by the Deity, and united with faith, qualifies him for admission into that happy throng, that surrounds the throne of the Eternal God. What sight can man behold, so calculated to excite his admiration and elevate his opinion of his species, as a fellow being, blessed with all his largest wishes can embrace, overcoming all temptation to sensual indulgence; seeking those who are poor, distressed and broken-hearted; dispensing liberally of the abundance committed to his care; raising up those whom misfortune has prostrated, and binding up the wounds an unkind world has made. Or by what does man attain so nearly to moral perfection, as by regarding the faults errors and imprudences of his fellow man with pity and charity, casting over them a veil, to screen them from public gaze; remembering that all are liable to error, and all need from God, the exercise of his attribute of mercy. In vain should I descant on the beauty of this enobling virtue, or point to the high destiny of its unostentatious follower, since it has employed the pen of inspiration, and its value has been fixed by the impress of the Almighty's seal. The necessity of practising it, is visible every day. We are all subject to reverses and casualties, and even the most prudent, may by a continued series of misfortunes be reduced from affluence, to the greatest depth of indigence. No one can be exempt from the influence of those changes that are daily taking place, and when in the varying scenes of life, he who a little before, was in the enjoyment of ease, comfort and contentment, shall be overtaken by poverty, plunged in distress, and oppressed by afflictions almost beyond his endurance; he must seek relief in the pitying eye outstretched hand of "Heaven-born charity." And when man has been betrayed into errors and faults, he will find clamors raised against him by the world that would drive him to despair, but for the interference of angelic charity, who soothes his troubled spirits, and sweetly wins him back to the path of virtue.

Do misfortunes befal a brother of our order? Charity that might be slow in advancing to his relief, is roused by Masonry, and urged to a prompt and effectual discharge of her duty. His brethren freely and cheerfully contribute the assistance that his necessities require, and their abilities admit. He now tries the brotherly love that others have professed for him, and finds himself borne by it above the gloom that surrounded him, and enjoys the bright prospect of better, and happier days.

Has a deceased brother left behind him a distressed family? Masonry will seek them out in the hovel to which they have retired, to conceal their sufferings from the world, and bring charity with her, will gladden the lowly spot with their presence, wiping the tear from the widow's eye, consoling and sustaining the bereaved orphan.

Has a brother committed a fault? It will not be blazoned to the world, for its harsh and clamorous censure; but will receive the secret, gentle, but no less effectual strictures of the brethren; and thus may a fellow man be saved from utter ruin and desolation. This is the charity of masonry—this is the charity of christianity.

Beside these grand distinguishing characteristics, masonry has other moral features, that must please the philanthropist, and command the respect of mankind. Whilst she in an especial manner requires the discharge of duties between the brethren, she forgets not those that each individual owes to himself, and the country in which he lives. It is therefore necessary, that each brother shall "so demean himself, as to bring no disgrace on the fraternity at large;" that in all his relations with other men, he preserves his integrity unsullied; and that through life, he continue "to square his actions by the rule of virtue."

When we consider the principles of the society, a

difficulty presents itself, in overcoming the almost natural tendency of the human heart, to a contrary practice, and in binding in close union, men, whose feelings, and passions, and principles, and conduct, are so widely dissimilar. The means are most happily adapted to the end. No one can gain admission into the fraternity, to whom any brother objects, or with whom any of us are unable to associate, on terms of the most cordial friendship. No one can be admitted, until the brethren by a strict investigation, are satisfied that his character is unblemished, and that he will faithfully discharge all his masonic duties. When entrance is thus gained by the unanimous consent of the Lodge, the frequent meetings enjoined by the rules of the society, and the free interchange of feelings and sentiments, develope the qualities and dispositions of all, strengthen the bonds of friendship and interest, each in the welfare of mass, firmly resisting the boisterous waves of life's tempestuous sea. But if any one after admission, shall by crime or misconduct, shew himself unworthy of enjoying the high previleges of membership, he may be expelled, with infamy more indellible than results from the sentence of the law; and it becomes at once the privilege and duty of all, to preserve the character of the whole body, by lopping off the offending member. These regulations must of necessity exist, where the duties are reciprocal, and can only be terminated by death or expulsion; or the affections of all would be quickly alienat'd from a society where they were bound to assume, or constantly to sustain the relation, of brother, with persons they could not respect as individuals.

Whilst Masonry is pursuing its noiseless course, offering "peace on earth, and good will to men," it is strange that it should be opposed by men, whose known character, gives to their opposition too imposing an appearance, to be entirely disregarded. That despots, who see danger in every secret meeting, where their emissaries cannot gain admission, should endeavor by threats, and by actual death, to crush the society, is not astonishing; but that it should be opposed by any in this enlighteend country, can proceed only from a misconception of its tendencies.

Some more suspicious than well informed, suppose our secret meetings, are used for political purposes. This is not the fact. The only single injunction that has any relation to our political duties, is that we be quiet and peaceable citizens, paying proper obedience to the government under which we live. Our Lodges are not places, where the disturber of the public peace, and the plotter against government, can find willing ears into which he can instil his poison. Party spirit has no place here. Though the world without may be torn with political faction and strife, though son be arrayed against father, and brother against brother, and the wild roar of discord be heard, even to the walls of the lodge; within, all is peace and quietness, and tranquility. It is true, that those who display talents there, whose deportment is such as to create respect and win esteem, must and will possess influence; and it is equally true, that the attachment there existing between the brethren, will extend itself to all their social relations; but if any, through the medium of that friendship, should endeavor to involve his brethren in political cabal, he would not only find disappointment in the attempt, but would quickly lose the influence by which he hoped to succeed.

Many really good men suppose there is some concealed evil in an institution, where some of its members depart so far in practice, from the principles they publicly confess. But is it candid thus to judge of a society, from the fault and errors of particular members? Would it not shock the reason and feelings of every person in this assembly, to pronounce christianity an imposture, or assert there is any thing in the system, to make a man vicious? And yet if you subject it to this test, and decide on its merits, by the conduct of some of its professors, it is liable to the same objection; for I appeal to any experienced christian here present, to say, whether, he has not seen, even at the communion table of his Savior, *some*, who required the utmost stretch of charity, to be judged worthy of such exalted distinction. Away then with an objection that applies equally to the religion established by Heaven, and to our society of human origin, and which must apply to to every moral institution, as long as man remains the the fallible and erring creature that God has made him.

It has been urged, that if the society is possessed of any knowledge, or any secret that would be beneficial to mankind, it should be revealed. Surely we might be permitted to enjoy the privilege accorded to all, from the inventor of harmless medical compounds, to the mighty statesman, who wields the destiny of nations. The very existence of the order, and the only security for beneficial results, depends on the inviolable preservation of these secrets. That they are harmless, no one can doubt, that they are of importance to ourselves, we know and assert; and that they will never be disclosed to the world, we are entirely confident.

It has been usual to point to the names of Washington, and other illustrious men, inscribed on the roll of masonry; as an answer to all objections, and proving conclusively, that the society deserves general approbation; and I confess I cannot understand how any American, whether he be a christian or not, can distrust the moral or political tendency of an institution, that has been in an especial manner, patronised by the "father of his country." But if any such then be here, we ask him to apply to the only remaining sources of information, to satisfy himself by reading the volumes published on this subject, by the conversation of enlightened masons, and by the closest examination of the lives and conduct of those, who are acknowledged by all, most perfectly to perform all their masonic duties. To a judgment thus formed, we are entirely willing to submit, and with the utmost confidence, that it will be favorable to masonry.

We feel assured, that when thus understood, it will become a favorite with all classes. It will be so with the benevolent man, because its design like his, is to render the ills of life more supportable, to parry the stroke of adversity, or heal the wound it inflicts,—it will be so with the christian, because it is auxillary to the religion he professes, and does all that hman means unaided by divine influence, can do, to render man perfect as a moral being,—it will be so with men, because it is established chiefly for his moral and worldly benefit,— and it will be so with our fair friends, because its grand object, is to engraft on the hard nature of man, those principles and feelings, that are their peculiar and adorning characteristics.

VARIETY.

AN OLD CUSTOM.

In olden time, it is said that the inhabitants of a certain town in New Hampshire, consisting chiefly of Irish or Scotch presbyterians, adopted the following custom. As soon as their fields were planted and sown, their priest, accompanied by the elders, deacons and farmers, went from field to field, offering up a short prayer over each, that they might receive the fruits of their labors in a plenteous harvest. One day while engaged in this pious perambulation, they arrived at a field, where the priest stopped, took a keen eyed survey, and after some hesitation, addressed his flock to the following purport:—"My friends and brethren, it will be of no use to pray over this field till there is more manure spread upon it; for otherwise, even the prayer of a righteous man, however *fervent*, can not be *effectual*.

Squeezing of the hand.—Squeezing the hand with some persons is entirely equivalent to a declaration of love; this is truly surprising. We must take hold of a lady's hand as we should a hot potatoe; afraid to give it a squeeze lest we should burn our fingers.—Very fine, truly! Now it was our ancient custom to squeeze every hand we got in clutches, especially of a fair one; and the ladies may rest assured of this, that a man who will not squeeze their hand when he gets hold of it, does not deserve to have such a hand in his possession—and that he has a heart one hundred times smaller than the eye of a cambric needle.

A fellow in Philadelphia was summarily punished the other evening. He was following a gentleman and lady along the street and annoying them, by sinaing a vulgar song. A sailor walking the same direction, and observing the fellow's conduct, knocked him down, bowed to the gentleman, and passed on.

LITERARY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

CURSORY COGITATIONS,

BY THE

7.

NO. 6.

Hogarth's a line of beauty considered, and a new theory advanced by the "Seven;" whereby they show how the world may become seventimes happier than it ever was before.

Start not, gentle reader, at what may seem the boldness and novelty of our declaration. We cannot so far prove recreant to the trust confided to us, as to mince matters in the least. We must tell you honestly, that the world, as yet, has known nothing of real happiness. To us however, it is given to put it on the right track. Atlas like, we have it resting upon our shoulders, and from its tendency downward, we are *impressed* with the conviction that it needs reform.—Cheerly we enter upon our task. But first, that we may not fall out by the way, let us have a perfect understanding, with each other;—let every switch in our mental rail roads be secured and set that, so far from running off the track, we may together roll up the incline plain of our friendly journey with even more than modern improvement rapidity.

REFORM then is our watch-word. Upon this, we shall bring all our energies to bear; and to accomplish it, we shall take the liberty to cast about us to the right hand and left—we shall poke into many a forbidden corner of this fair creation. Error and folly whenever found, must be subjected to our scrutiny and correction. What is low in the past, we shall raise up—what is too high in the present, bring to its proper level.

We respect antiquity, but not for "antiquity's sake." Like a certain nameless class of the fair ones, she even sought wedlock with happiness, and yet died in a state of "single blessedness." We love her for her honest efforts; but her wise men were not true philophers. They could never find, as we have, the armor of Vulcan, the Panacea, the Catholicon and the Philosopher's Stone. They were ignorant of the Eliments—the principles of true happiness. And without these, of what use are all the fine arts and learning of the ancients—of what use, the steam boats and rail roads—the balloon and submarine vessels of the moderns? Happiness is, after all the *sine qua non* o every individual—old bachelors alone excepted.—"Surely! and who can be so stupid as to deny your position, and yet who is happy?" Not too hasty, gentle reader! Follow us patiently a step or two farther, and our word for it, we shall fairly demonstrate to you that,—though there is but little of it afloat among the present "purse proud" generation—its elements have for a time been practically known, and that to us is left the business of fully developing them, and thus rendering the world seven times happier than it ever was before.

Hogarth! who has not heard of the immortal Hogarth! He has but just passed from the stage of existence. Still the eager, anxious throng of his admirers are gazing after him as if, with their short sight, they would penetrate the curtain that separates him from them. But what means that shout that echoes from pit to gallery—"Hogarth's line of beauty!" What means it? Ah! we have it now. This noble artist was, doubtless, the first *to say* that the curve or waving line was more pleasing to the eye than the straight or right line. How plain—how almost self-evident his *dictum* when once announced; and yet who but Hogarth would ev-

er have discovered the fact on which so much of our happiness depends? Unlike the majority of those who preceded him, he studied nature. He saw that she was consistent with herself—that the whole, harmonized with each part—each part with the whole.—He also saw that she delights in curves, and thence concluded that the eye of man—her noblest production—was so constructed as to receive its highest pleasure from the observation of curves and circles and wavering lines.

How beautiful his reasoning, and how legitimate his conclusion, allowing the correctness of his premises! and this, we are confident, the slightest observer cannot deny. Whether we contemplate the vast concave of heaven, or the bold and beautiful arches of a nutshell. Whether we follow along the graceful windings of the majestic river, or the equally delightful ones of a pumpkin vine—whether we ascend to the mountain top, or go down into the deepest well.—Every where, above, below, around us, nature starts to view, rich in all the delicate pencilings of "Hogarth's line of beauty." "But why then is not man as completely happy now, as he ever can be?"

Student, merchant, mechanic and lamp-lighter yours is not the shepherd's lot. You see—you know nothing of nature arrayed in her glory. Surrounded with the rubbish of your own imperfect combinations, her volume is to you a dead letter. But despair not. You observe her predilections for rotundity. You see that happiness is measured out to man, in proportion as it abounds. Take your hint from these facts. Suffer not so important a lesson to be lost upon you. Abandon at once the square and "square rule" and take to circles. Instead of surrounding yourselves with sharp corners and obtuse angles, let every thing that comes from your hand bear the impress of rotundity. Never go straight to the object you would attain. Take a zig zag course. True! you will be a little longer in securing it, but think of the happiness that is to follow. It will be increased seven fold, and SEVEN, you know, is the acme of pefection.

Patient reader, having now, as we conceive, fully redeemed our promise, we would take a friendly leave of you by throwing out a few suggestions as to the practical application of our theory. Are you a legislator, ambitious of an imperishable name, make laws at once that hereafter all public works—such as railroads, canals and rivers—shall consist of a concatinated series of consecutive circles. See to it, however, that in doing this, you do not cause some of our majestic rivers to run up hill. Are you a seafaring man, adapt your vessel to the model of those of our dutch ancestors. Let them be a perfect circle. You may not sail quite as fast you now do, but, as the saying is, you will "go on swimmingly." Depend upon it your comforts will be increased. Are you a lean, hungry, snarling, snappish specimen of humanity, court the society of our aldermen. A single glance at their fair round proportion, will dissipate your bile, and make you love yourself and all your kind. Are you a legal gentleman, abandon your straight forward course with your client. Lead him about in a mazy round of circles. He will be mistified and amused, you made happy—provided he has enough of the "where-withall." Are you a parent, blessed with a mischievous lazy son, make yourself and your neighbor happy, and him *smart* by giving him a yard or two of the waving line. And last though not least, should our noble theory receive the honor of a perusal from the fairer portion of creation, to them we would say, increase your prospects for a "favorable hit," by drawing around that delicate spot of rouge on either cheek, seven concentive circles, and your conquests will be complete.

Thus we might run through all the occupations and professions in which our race are engaged, and show how, in each, the pleasures of its duties would be enhanced by the introduction of the circle; but as the ingenious mind needs nothing more than a fair start on the right track, we leave this hasty out-line with the world. If it has discrimination enough to see its consistency and usefulness, well and good. If not, rest the evil upon its own head. Our skirts at least are clean.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Man was made for society. The dungeon inspires a chill but little inferior to that of death, and hopeless solitude is sublimely terrible. The savage derives enjoyment from the reflection that he is not alone, and the congregated brutes demonstrate the fact, that they even were formed for society. In order to preserve the social compact and enjoy its benefits it is necessary to establish laws and regulations by which it must be governed. Every member of the community, must yield up some of his natural rights for the general good and the collective body has the power and is bound to take measures to protect and defend itself. And when the compact has once been formed, when the government becomes established, and can exert itself with energy, every individual, however humble he may be, can claim protection, and feel himself secure. All have recognized the right which man possesses of defending himself. It is a law of his nature to protect himself and family, and not only this, he is bound to render assistance even to the stranger. But we cannot argue from this that it is right for a community of men to visit the criminal with capital punishment, for though society may be treated, in many respects, as an individual; yet it possesses not the particular characteristic that gives to the individual his only right of defence. It is not called upon to act at the moment, for that would be the destruction of all Law and Society, and mobocracy and lynching would be the order of the day, while the individual's only excuse for taking the life of the assassin that assaults him is, that should he wait for the Law it would be too late.—The fatal deed would be accomplished and justice might never overtake the criminal. Again, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, exclaims the advocate for capital punishment, as if that, being taken from scripture, would silence every objection; but where we ask, is the justice of the law of retaliation. Is the life of the poor, debased and inhuman wretch who murders the innocent and noble, to be put in comparison with that of his victim? No! and well did the sagacious Solon decree that the man who put out the eye of an one eyed man should lose both of his; and further, shall we steal of the thief and swear false against the perjurer, or, burn the house of him who has committed arson? All perceive the folly of such a course, yet it is the Law of retaliation, and we might as well apply it to those as to murder. The object of the criminal Law is not that of expiation, it seeks not revenge, nor is justice as powerful an attribute as mercy; its aim is to prevent crime, either by reforming the criminal, or deterring others from the commission of the same offence, and the great question would seem to be, how can this be best accomplished. Shall we execute the murderer, or shall we inflict some milder punishment? If we execute, there is little chance of reform; and the prevention of crime, then would seem to be the only thing in its favor. We are inclined to think that it is not the severity, but certainty of punishment that prevents crime. The criminal looks not at the few who suffer the penalty but the many who go clear. He therefore boldly launches into crime, and if perchance the Law does reach him he feels that he has fallen a sacrifice, and attributes it to his ill fortune. Let the punishment be mild, and inflict it invariably. Then the community would feel no sympathy. Jurors would not forget their oaths and clear the guilty, nor would the Judges recommend the criminal to the mercy of the executive. We should not hear of the annual commission of eighteen murders in one city, nor would petition, after petition, go up to pardon the criminal, or commute his punishment.

MISCELLANY.

TEARS.

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove, that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong conclusive emotion of the breast, when the soul has been deeply agitated, when the fountains of feeling are rising, and tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. Oh, speak not harshly of the stricken one—weeping in silence. Break not the solemnity by rude laughter, or intrusive footsteps.—Despise not woman's tears—they are what make her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to tears of sympathy—they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see the tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is a pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure! If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loth to live; and if not one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.

Some things are much easier than others. A young man who has recentiy taken a wife, says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to buy the furniture.

The Lancaster Gazette offers a new remedy for the tooth-ache, which is, 'to boil the head and shake the bones out.

ANECDOTE.

Every body recollects the story about Sam Rodgers, the poet and punster, being announced, at a party in Paris, as Mons. le Mort, by a servant who mistook him for Tom Moore. We heard a gentleman tell a story of himself some years ago, quite as good.

He arrived in Paris at noon one day, in the year 18—: he found all his countrymen prepared to attend a splendid party at Versailles; they were loud in expressing their regrets that he could not accompany them; they were very sorry—but the thing was impossible— full court dresses alone where admissible, and to obtain one then—'twas vain to think of it.

He listened patiently—told them to leave him to himself—he was sure he could find amusement some where.

No sooner were they gone, than he began to dress, and in an hour, he was on the road to Versailles, fully equipt, blue coat, white vest, nankeen pantaloons. At the door of the splendid mansion, in which the company were assembled, his further progress was opposed by a servant whose livery was far more showy than his own costume. He affected the utmost astonishment at the interruption, and would have again passed on. The servant pointed to his dress, and by word and sign, signified that is was not *comme il faut*, and he must retire. "Dress—dress," exclaimed the traveller, "not pass not enter—why it is the same dress that is worn in the General Court at Boston." No sooner were the words uttered, than the doors flew open, and the obsequious valet "booing and booing" preceded him, and with a loud voice announced, Mons. le General Court, de Boston; to the infinite amazement of the Americans in the group, and the exceeding delight of the new made General.

THE LEGENDARY.

NAPOLEON'S THREE WARNINGS.

The celebrated Fouche, Duke of Otranto, was retained but a short time, it is well known, in the service of the Bourbons, after their restoration to the throne of France. He retired to the town of Aix, in Provence, and there lived in affluent ease upon the gains of his long and busy career. Curiosity attracted many visitors around this remarkable man, and he was habitually free in communicating his reminiscences of the great events which it had been his lot to witness. On one occasion the company assembled in his saloon heard from his lips the following story

By degrees, as Napoleon assumed the power and authority of a king, every thing about him, even in the days of the consulate, began to wear a court-like appearance. All the old monarchical habitudes were revived one by one. Among other revivals of this kind, the custom of attending mass previous to the hour of audience, was restored by Bonaparte, and he himself was punctual in his appearances at the chapel of Saint Cloud on such occasions. Nothing could be more mundane than the mode of performing these religious services. The actresses of the opera were the choirists, and great crowds of busy talkative people were in the habit of frequenting the gallery of the chapel, from the windows of which the First Consul and Josephine could be seen, with their suites and friends. The whole formed merely a daily exhibition of the consular court to the people.

At one particular time the punctuality of Bonaparte in his attendance on mass was rather distressing to his wife. The quick and jealous Josephine had discovered that the eye of her husband was too much directed to a window in the gallery, where there regularly appeared the form and face of a young girl of uncommon beauty. The chesnut tresses, brilliant eyes, and graceful figure of this personage, caused the more uneasiness to the Consul's wife, as the stranger's glances were bent not less upon Bonaparte than his were upon her. "Who is that young girl?" said Josephine one day at the close of the service; "what can she seek from the First Consul? I observed her to drop a billet just now at his feet. He picked it up; I saw him." No one could tell Josephine who the object of her notice precisely was, though there were some who declared her to be an emigrant lately returned, and one who probably was desirous of the intervention of the First Consul in favor of her family.—With such guesses as this, the Consul's wife was obliged to rest satisfied for the time.

After the audience of that same day had passed, Bonaparte expressed a wish for a drive in the park, and accordingly went out, attended by his wife, his brother Joseph, Duroc, Cambaceres, and Hortense Beauharnois, wife of Louis Bonaparte. The King of Prussia had just presented Napoleon with a superb set of horses, four in number, and these were harnessed to an open chariot for the party. The Consul took it into his head to drive in person, and mounted into the coachman's place. The chariot set off, but just as it was turning into the park, it went crash against a stone at the gate, and the First Consul was thrown to the ground. He attempted to rise, but again fell prostrate in a stunned or insensible condition. Meanwhile, the horses sprung forward with the chariot, and were only stopped when Duroc, at the risk of his life, threw himself out and seized the loose reins. Josephine was taken out in a swooning state. The rest of the party speedily returned to the First Consul, and carried him back to his apartments. On recovering his senses fully, the first thing which he did was to put his hand into his pocket and pull out the slip of paper dropped at his feet in the chapel. Leaning over his shoulder, Josephine read upon it these words—"*Do not drive out in your carriage to-day.*"

"This can have no allusion to our late accident," said Bonaparte. "No one could foresee that I was to play the part of a coachman to-day, or that I should be awkward enough to drive against a stone. Go Duroc, and examine the chariot."

Duroc obeyed. Soon after he returned very pale, and took the First Consul aside. "Citizen-Consul," said he, "had you not struck the stone and stopped our drive, we had all been lost!" "How so?" was the reply. "There was in the carriage, concealed behind the back seat, a bomb—a real, massive bomb, charged with ragged pieces of iron, and with a slow match attached to it—kindled! Things had been so arranged, that in a quarter of an hour, we should have been scattered among the trees of the park of Saint Cloud. Fouche must be told of this—Dubois must be warned!" "Not a word to them!" replied Bonaparte; "the knowledge of one plot but engenders a second. Let Josephine remain ignorant of the danger she has escaped. Hortense, Joseph, Cambaceres—tell none of them: and let the government journals say not a word about my fall."

The First Consul was then silent for some time.—"Duroc," you will come to-morrow to mass in the chapel, and examine with attention a young girl whom I shall point out to you. She will occupy the fourth window in the gallery on the right; follow her home, or cause her to be followed, and bring me intelligence of her name, her abode, and her circumstances. It will be better to do this yourself; I would not have the police to interfere. Have you taken care of the bomb and removed it?" "I have, Citizen-Consul." Come, then let us again drive in the park," said Bonaparte.—The drive was resumed, but on this occasion the coachman was allowed to fulfil his own duties.

On the morrow, the eyes of more than one person were turned to the window in the gallery. But the jealous Josephine sought in vain for the elegant figure of the young girl. She was not there. The impatient First Consul, with his confident Duroc, were greatly annoyed at her non-appearance, and small was the attention paid by them to the service that day.—Their anxiety was fruitless. The girl was seen at mass no more.

The summers of Napoleon were chiefly spent at Malmaison, the winters at Saint Cloud and the Tuileries. Winter had come on, and the First Consul had been holding court in the great apartments of the last of these palaces. It was the third of the month, which the republicans well called *nivose*, and, in the evening, Bonaparte entered his carriage to go to the opera, accompanied by his aid-de-camp Lauriston, the Generals Lannes and Berthier. The vehicle was about to start, when a female, wrapped in a black mantle, rushed out upon the Place Carrousel, made her way into the middle of the guards about to accompany Napoleon, and held forth a paper to the latter, crying, "Citizen-Consul! Citizen Consul! read—read!"—Bonaparte, with that smile which Bourrienne describes as so irresistible, saluted the petitioner, and stretched out his hand for the missive. "A petition, Madam?" said he inquiringly; and then continued, "Fear nothing; I shall peruse it, and see justice done."—"Citizen Consul!" cried the woman, imploringly joining her hands. What she would have further said was lost. The coachman, who, it was afterward said, was intoxicated, gave the lash to his horses, and they sprung off with the speed of lightning. The First Consul, throwing into his hat the paper he had received, remarked to his companions, "I could not well see her figure, but I think the poor woman is young."

"The carriage dashed rapidly along. It was but issuing from the street of Saint Nicholas, when a frightful detonation was heard, mingling with and followed by the crash of broken windows, and the cries of the injured passers-by. The *infernal machine* had exploded? Uninjured, the carriage of the Consul and its inmates were whirled with undiminished rapidity to the opera. Bonaparte entered his box with serene brow and unruffled deportment. He saluted, as usual, the assembled spectators, to whom the news of the explosion came with all the speed which rumor exercises upon such occasions. All were stunned and stupified: Bonaparte was only perfectly calm. He stood with crossed arms, listening attentively to the oratorio of Haydn, which was executed on that evening. Suddenly, however, he remembered the paper put into his hands. He took it out, and read these lines: "In the name of heaven, Citizen Consul, do not go to the opera to-night, or, if you do go, pass not through the street Saint Nicholas!" The warning came in some respects too late.

On reading these words, the Consul chanced to raise his eyes. Exactly opposite to him, in a box in the third tier, sat the young girl of the chapel of Saint Cloud, who, with joined hands, seemed to utter prayers of gratitude for the escape which had taken place. Her head had no covering but her flowing and beautiful chesnut hair, and her person was wrapped in a dark mantle, which the Consul recognised as identical with that worn by the woman who had delivered the paper to him at the carriage door. "Go," said he quietly but quickly to Lannes; "go to the box exactly opposite to us, on the third tier. You will find a young girl in a black mantle. Bring her to the Tuileries: I *must* see her, and without delay." Bonaparte spoke thus without raising his eyes, but, to make Lannes certain of the person, he took the general's arm, and said, pointing upwards, "See there—look!"

Bonaparte stopped suddenly. The girl was gone; no black mantle was to be seen. Annoyed at this beyond measure, he hurriedly sent off Lannes to intercept her. It was in vain. The box-keeper had seen such an individual, but knew nothing about her. Bonaparte applied to Fouche and Dubois; but all the zeal of these functionaries failed in discovering her.

Years ran on after the explosion of the infernal machine, and the strange accompanying circumstances which tended to make the occurrence more remarkable in the eyes of Bonaparte. To the consulate succeeded the empire, and victory after victory marked the career of the great Corsican. At length the hour of change came. Allied Europe poured its troops into France, and compelled the emperor to lay down the sceptre which had been so long shaken in terror over half the civilized earth. The isle of Elbe became for a day the most remarkable spot on the globe: and, finally the resuscitated empire fell to pieces anew on the field of Waterloo.

Bonaparte was about to quit France. The moment had come for him to set foot in the bark which was to convey him to the English vessel. Friends, who had followed their fallen chief were standing by to give him a final adieu. He waved his hand to those around, and a smile was on the lip which had lately given the farewell kiss to the imperial eagle. At this instant a woman broke through the band that stood before Napoleon. She was in the prime of woman's life; not aged, yet young enough to have retained unimpaired that beauty for which she would have been remarkable among a crowd of beauties. Her features were full of anxiety and sadness, adding interest even to her appearance at that moment. "Sire! sire!" said she, presenting a paper hurriedly; "read! read!"

She emperor took the paper presented to him, but kept his eye upon the presenter. He seemed, it may be, to feel at that instant the perfumed breeze in the park of Saint Cloud, or to hear the choristers chanting melodiously in the chapel, as he had heard them in other days. Josephine, Duroc, and all his friends, came haply before him, and among them the face which he was wont to see at the fourth window in the gallery. His eye was now on that countenance in reality, altered, yet the same. These illusory recollections were of brief duration. Napoleon shook his head and held the paper up to his eye. After perusing its contents, he took it between his hands, and tore it to pieces, scattering the fragments in the air.

"Stop, sire!" cried the woman, "follow the advice! Be warned; it is yet time!"

"No," replied he; and taking from his finger a beautiful oriental ruby, a valuable souvenir of his Egyptian campaigns, he held it out to the woman.—She took it, kneeling and kissing the hand which presented it. Turning her head, Napoleon then stepped into the boat, which waited to take him to the vessel. Not long afterward, he was pining on the rock of St. Helena.

Thus, of *three warnings*, two were useless because neglected until the danger had occurred, and the third—which prognosticated the fate of Napoleon if once in the power of his adversaries—the third was rejected."

"But who was this woman, Duke of Otranto?"

"Oh," replied Fouche, "I know not with certainty. The Emperor, if he knew ultimately, seems to have kept the secret."

All that is known respecting the matter is, that a female, related to Saint Regent, one of the authors of the explosion of the street Saint Nicholas, died at the hospital of Hotel Dieu, in 1837, and that around her neck was suspended, by a silk ribbon, the exquisite oriental ruby of Napoleon.

A HINT.—Before you set up for a critic, furnish yourself with the tools.—*Mannders.*

THE ANTIQUARY.

For the American Masonic Register.

SCARCITY OF BOOKS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The Romans wrote those Books which they wished to endure, either on parchment, vellum or paper, made of the Egyptians *Papyrus*. The latter, being the cheapest, was most commonly used. But after the Saracens conquered Egypt, in the seventh century, the communication between that country and the people settled in Italy, and in other parts of Europe, was almost entirely obstructed, and the Papyrus was no longer in use amongst them. They were, therefore, obliged, on that account, to write their books on parchment, or vellum; and, as the price of that was high, books became extremely rare, and of great value.—Wemay judge of thescarcity of the materials for writing from one circumstance: there still remains several MSS. of the eighth, ninth, tenth, and following centuries, written on parchment, from which *former* writing, had been *erased*, in order to substitute a new composition, perhaps not worth a cent. In this manner, it is not improbable, that many valuable books of the ancients perished through the ignorance of the monks and others, who were not acquainted with their real worth. A volume of Livy, Virgil, Tacitus, or other good author, might have been erased to make room for the legendary account of a pretended Saint, some account of a Tournament, or other worthless Tale.—Montfancon affirms that the *greater* part of the MSS. which he had seen (those of a later date excepted.) were written on parchment, from which some former writing had been erased. Many of these are to be seen at the Radcliff Library, Oxford. It has however, been lately asserted, that a method of restoring the *erased* letters to that degree, that they *may be legible*, has been discovered by an application of Ammonia.

As the want of materials for writing is a great reason why so many of the works of the ancients have perished, it accounts likewise for the small number of MSS. *previous* to the eleventh century. Many circumstances prove the scarcity of books during these ages. Private persons seldom possessed any books whatever. Even monasteries of considerable note, had only one Missal. Lupus, Abbot of Fericres, in a letter to the Pope, A. D. 855, beseeches him to *lend* him a copy of *Cicero de Oratore*, and *Quinctilians Institution*, "for" says he, "although we have *parts* of those books, there is no *complete* copy of them in all France." The price of books became so high, that persons of a moderate fortune could not afford to purchase them. The Countess of Anjou paid for a copy of the *Homilies of Ilainon*, Bishop of Abberstadt, two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye and millet. Even so late as the year 1471, Louis XI, borrowed the works of Rasis, the Arabian physician, for the Faculty of Medicine, in Paris; and he not only deposited in pledge, a considerable quantity of Plate, but was obliged to procure a nobleman to join with him, as surety in a deed, under a considerable penalty to restore it.

Anthony Panormita, offered to sell an estate that he might be enabled to purchase a copy of *Livy*. Of this circumstance, we have a curious account, in a letter by Panormita himself to Alphonsus, King of Naples, to whome he was Secretary: "Sire—You have informed me from Florence, that the books of *Livy*, written in a poor hand, are to be sold, and that they ask for them 100 crowns" [a considerable sum at that time] "I beseech your majesty to cause to be sent to me this King of Books, and I will not fail to send the money for it. I beseech your prudence to let me know, whether Paggins, or I do better—*he* who to purchase a *farm*, near Florence, sells *Livy*; or *I* to purchase the *Book*, sells my land? Your goodness and modesty induce me to put the familiar question to you. Farewell and triumph."

History does not record the fact; but it is sincerely hoped that the King sent him *Livy*, without subjecting the Scholar to sell his land. T.

Commodore T. H. Stevens of the navy died at Washington on the 21st inst. At the age of twenty he commanded one of the vessels engaged in Perry's ever memorable battle on Lake Erie.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

From the London Metropolitan.

MASQERADING IN ITALY AND SICILY.

The carnival is very gay in Sicily; all classes seem at this season to relinquish every serious thought and occupation, and to give themselves up entirely to diversion. I have spent the carnival in most of the great cities in Italy, but in none have I found it more brilliant and lively than in Catania. The Italians, in general, do not understand the assuming and supporting a character so well as the English; but their masquerades have, notwithstanding, infinitely more spirit than ours. Their object is entirely different. We seek little more than to go respectably through some role we have assigned ourselves; our assemblies in mask are therefore only a species of play in patchwork. We come to see and be seen—they to see, but not to be seen; to discover the motions of others, yet conceal their own. We strive to divert others, they to satisfy themselves, and to do a thousand things which they cannot accomplish at any other season. The women are especially fond of the carnival, and as soon as one is terminated, look forward to the next with impatience. At Floreuce they have a not inappropriate saying: *Il carnivalé e il paradiso delle donne ed il purgatorio degli uomine.* The carnival is the paradise of women and the purgatory of men. Indeed, I have known many a husband and lover not quite so pleased at its approach as his wife or mistress. It is nowhere carried on with greater spirit than in Catania; towards the conclusion, it becomes one incessant round of extravagance and diversion. The rich drive through the streets from morning to night, disguising themselves, their domestics, their carriages and horses, so as not to be recognizable. In this condition they form parties, drawing up in battle array, and come to fierce engagements, using sugar-plums and comfits as their missiles sacks of which are carried in their vehicles for the purpose, and which, if they strike the face, as I often experienced, give no contemptible blow. Ladies, whiten under the sharp and incessant fire, whilst the the populace also masked, and formed into a thousand ludicrous groups, eagerly pick up the scattered ammunition.

All night there are masked balls at theatres, which are attended by all classes; nor do people of rank disdain to leave their boxes and mix in the festivities of the *pleata*, or pit. Throughout Italy and Sicily, all who tender their money, and are decently habited, are admitted without distiction, from the shoemaker to the prince; yet instances of improper or unbecoming conduct rarely or never take place, as the slightest breach of decorum is instantly punished by the *cavaliere d'inspezione*, or inspector, who is alway a nobleman, and has the right of imprisoning offenders. I have seen in Florence the Grand Duke and Duchess mix without any reserve in the crowd at the Pergola or Opera House, on the night of the *Gran Vegloine*, when not less than six thousand people of all ranks and descriptions have been present. In Catania they are somewhat more particular; all are admitted and mix together, but there the nobility, only, enjoy the privilege of taking off their masks, or keeping them on at pleasure; an infringement of this rule would inevitably consign any non-noble to prison, for at least the remainder of the carnival.

At one of these assemblies, a genteel looking, well dressed mask, invited the Princess of R——to dance with him; fancying she recognized him as an acquaintance, she politely consented. As the gentleman reconducted her to her seat, he took the opportunity of thanking her for the high honor conferred upon him, and removing his mask, discovered to the surprised princess, that she had been dancing with her hair-dresser. The aspiring tonsor, however, paid dearly for his ambit on, with a month's imprisonment, and the loss of the lady's custom.

In England, where people affect an equality, and where Sir Archy Mac Sarcasm says, the greater part of the nobles spring from sugar hogsheads, butter firkins, and wine casks, there is no instance in which the different orders thus join for a moment in any thing resembling free intercourse. We have no saturnalia of this description. We have no slaves, John Bull will sturdily reply. This peculiarity, which, it must be owned, does not say much for the urbanity of our character, arises from the real distinction of classes, lying in England, not between noble and plebeian, but in the far wider and and more obvious separation of rich and poor. Which nation is, in this respect, most worthy of applause, I leave to the decision of my readers, for my own part,

"Homo sum, humani nil a me allenum puto."

THE GATHERER.

SUBELTY OF LUNATICS.

The subelty of lunatics, in avoiding the exposure of their weakness, is illustrated as follows. It is told by Erskine, in lord Mansfield's own words:—"A man of the name of Wood had indicted Dr. Monro for keeping him as a prisoner when he was sane. He underwent the most severe examination by the defendant's counsel, without exposing his complaint; but Dr. Baillie having come upon the bench by me, (lord Mansfield,) and having desired me to ask him what was become of the princess, with whom he had corresponded in cherry-juice, he showed in a moment what he was. He answered, that there was nothing at all in that; because having been (as every body knew) imprisoned in a high tower, and being debarred the use of ink, he had no other means of correspondence, but by writing his letters in cherry-juice, and throwing them into the river which surrounded the tower, where the princess received them in a boat. There existed, of course, no tower, no imprisonment, no writing in cherry-juice, no river, no boat the whole was the inveterate fancy of a morbid imagination. I immediately" continued lord Mansfield, "directed Dr. Monro to be acquitted; but this man, Wood, being a merchant in Pilpot-lane, and having been carried through the city on his way to the madhouse, indicted Dr. Monro over again for the trespass and imprisonment in London, knowing that he had lost his cause by speaking of the princess at Westminister; and such," said lord Mansfield, "is the extraordinary subelty and cunning of mad-men, that when he was cross-examined on the trial in London, as he had successfully been before, in order to expose his madness, all the ingenuity of the bar, and all the authority of the court, failed to draw from him a single syllable upon that topic, which had put an end to the indictment before, although he had still the same indelible impression upon his mind, as he had signified to those who were near him; but conscious that the delusion had occasioned his defeat at Westminister, he obstinately persisted in holding it back."—*Law Magazine.*

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.—The whole secret of choosing well in matrimony may be taught in three words—EXPLORE THE CHARACTER. A violent love fit is always the result of ignorance; for there is not a daughter of Eve that has merit enough to justify a romantic love, though thousands may reasonably inspire that gentle esteem, which is infinitely better. A woman-worshipper and a woman-hater both derive their mistakes from ignorance of the female world; for, if the characters of women were thoroughly understood, they would be found too good to be hated, and yet not good enough to be idolized.

CROMWELL'S ENERGY.

Professor Limbroch, (says Mr. Ruit, in his recent valuable publication of the diary of Thomas Buxton, Esq.) relates a noble instance given by Oliver Cromwell, Protector of England, of interferences with the "unrighteous practices" of the Holy Office. "Thos. Maynard, Consul of the English nationat Lisbon, was thrown into the prison of the Inquisition, under pretence that he had said or done something against the Roman religion. Mr. Meadows, who was then resident at Lisbon, advised Cromwell of the affair; and, after having received an express from him, went to the king of Portugal, and in the name of Cromwell, demanded the liberty of Consul Maynard. The king told him it was not in his power—that the consul was detained by the Inquisition, over which he had no authority. The resident sent this answer to Cromwell and having soon after received new instructions from him, had again audience of the king, and told him that since his majesty declared he had no power over the Inquisition, he was commanded by Cromwell to declare war against the Inquisition? This so terrified the King and the Inquisition, that they immediately freed the consul from prison."

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, FEBUARY 6, 1841.

To Agents and friends.—Those of our friends who may obtain subscribers for us on this Volume, are requested not to receive pay, beyond THREE QUARTERS OF A YEAR, ($1,50) as we find ourselves unable to supply any back Nos, prior to No 14. It is desirable to have no broken accounts, and we make this statement, in reference to the next Vol.

Terms of this paper.—To subscribers residing out of the city, $2 if in advance—$2,50 if within six months, and $3, if not paid until the expiration of the year. Back Numbers at all times furnished.

The Grand Chapter of the State of New York—met in this city, on Tuesday last, and continued in session for two days. The Grand Chapter was well attended, and its proceedings were, in comparison with late years, unusually interesting. From the information obtained through the representatives of the subordinate Chapters, in various sections of the state, it would appear, that Masonry is gradually, and *wholesomely* recovering from the shock which it sustained from the effects of Anti-masonry. In several places, where, six or eight years ago, Lodges and Chapters had entirely ceased from labor, the truly "blessed spirit" has again shown itself, and both Lodges and Chapters have resumed their business under the most favorable auspices. There is evidently a returning sense of reason among our opponents, who in many instances regret their violence; and there appears to be a corresponding disposition on the part of our brethren to meet the remnant of such opposition as may still exist, in that spirit which is so strongly inculcated by the rule of action laid down for us; but at the same time to pursue the "even tenor of our way," in that which will rescussitate and add stimulus to the efforts of the order, in the legitimate sphere, which as Masons and Freemen, we are authorised to move, without calling any man "master."

By a vote of the Grand Chapter, the Grand Sec'y, was directed to furnish for publication such an abstract of the proceedings, as may be expedient, and which will be of interest to the masonic body, which we will endeavor to obtain for our next paper.

On the motion of M. E. Comp. Herring, after an interesting discussion, the Grand Chapter, appointed a committee of five Companions in the city of New York, to receive and welcome the General Grand Encampment, and the General Grand Chapter of the United States, who will, convene in that city during the ensuing summer. As there will undoubtedly be committees appointed, with direct reference to this object, from the other two Grand Bodies of this State, the occasion and event will be one which will vie with any similar Masonic Jubilee, and we anticipate the happiest results from it.

The following Grand officers were elected for the ensuing year.

M. E. Richard Ellis, of New York, G. H. P.
" Benjamin Enos of Madison co. D. G. H. P.
" Joseph Cuyler, of Fulton co. G. K.
" E. S. Barnum, of Oneida co. G. S.
" John O. Cole, of Albany, G. Sec'y.
" Gerrit W. Ryckman, of New York, G. Treas.
" John Bull, of Columbia, G. Marshal.

Ebenezer Wadsworth, and Joseph Enos, Grand Visitors. Abram Sickles, of Albany, G. Sentinel.

The Abolition of Horse-Racing in New Jersey is engaging the attention of the legislature of that state and an earnest effort is making for the passage of a law to prevent all horse-racing in the state.

The Bridge.—It is a matter of much wonder with us that Albanians, with the sad evidence which the last six weeks have given of the great necessity of some certain communication with the opposite counties, can, for a moment, hesitate in giving the petition before the present legislature for a bridge, their undivided support. It cannot be but well known that our commercial pursuits have suffered in many respects, from the lack of this necessary appendage. We have been informed by one of our merchants, that since this freshet commenced, that the extra cost, to him, in getting a team twice across the river, excluding loss of time, was $30. On one occasion they crossed at Catskill, and the other at Troy. Besides these individual instances, which must be numerous, there are others which materially affect the interests of the public. Our mails have been delayed—the trade between this and the places opposite, which is not inconsiderable, has been for the time effectually suspended—"last, though not least" the obstacle which the freshet offers to the crossing of milk-men, has caused such an excitement in the domestic circles, that we fear *nothing but a bridge*, will subdue either the wrath of the women, or the tea-less looking visages of the men.

But not to trifle with grave affairs. The repeated effort to carry this necessary project into effect, has been as repeatedly defeated by the fear which our citizens have been continually manifesting relative to Trojan opposition. We know of no claim that Troy has upon us, that we should be continually subjected to her views of what is best for ourselves. Has she not been sufficiently often the recipient of our liberality, to allow us, without interference, to secure this natural right? Did not the Rail Road which she is at present laying from Schenectada, and which directly opposes the interest of our own from the same place, receive, sans remonstrance, the sanction of the Senator from our city. But if we are only true to ourselves, Troy cannot prevent our receiving this grant. Opposition will be as nothing in the scale, if we but unite; and that we do so, and at once, convenience, future prosperity, and the safety of life demand.

The meeting held in the rotunda of the Exchange, on Saturday evening last, displayed spirit, which if properly seconded by the action of the people, must eventuate in securing the charter. Mr. Stevens in an able address, could not have failed to convince all present, that we have the power, if we will determine to use it. Our necessities never called for the aid of all our energies more than now. When the eastern R. Road shall be completed, let us be prepared with a bridge, so as to be able to bring its train of cars, where the charter requires they should be brought—into our city. Stopping at Greenbush, which must be the case providing the bridge is not made would make this road to us of but little avail. Its charter was secured by our citizens, and our stocks are predicated for its building—where then is the reason that our city should not receive some of the benefits thereof?

☞ The Pennsylvania legislature are about passing a law imposing a fine of $500 on any gentleman who may marry a colored lady and likewise imposing a heavy penalty on the clergyman, who may lend himself for the occasion. We look upon this as an unwarrantable interference with a certain two of the five senses of man.

Arrangements are being made in New York to receive Mr. Van Buren, on his arrival at that city from Washington.

Capital Punishment.—One of our correspondents of the "7" has devoted an article to this subject; and perhaps argues as *reasonably* as can be expected on an *unreasonable* subject. There are always two sides to a question, and we are ever willing to hear any man talk, provided we have the liberty of *talking back*.—We shall answer some of his objections at some future day.

A New Paper.—Mr. James Duffey, late of the Albany Bee, presents the public with a well filled and interesting sheet, to be published once a week, in this city at $2. per annum, entitled "The Examiner." Mr. D. is a fellow-townsman, a practical printer, and a young man of fair talent, and character. We wish him every success in his laudable efforts.

Invasion of Texas.—The latest New Orleans papers state that no further doubt is entertained at Galveston, of the design of the Mexicans to make a descent upon Texas. About fifteen hundred Mexicans are already concentrated at San Patricio, on the Nueces, under the joint Command of Vasquez, Roderiquez, and Bradburn.

☞ Mr. Buxton, will repeat his lecture on Analogy out Analogised, on Monday evening, at Knickerbocker Hall.

Land Sales.—Public sales of government land, will take place at the land office in Genesee, Michigan, on Monday 10th day of May next; at Ionia on Monday the 24th of the same month.

Intelligence.

As the case of M'Leod, now imprisoned at Lockport, is one of much consequence, we shall from time to time keep our readers apprised of the situation of his case. A short time since, an attempt was made to bail M'Leod, which was partially successful. The following extract from the proceedings of a public meeting, at Lockport, will show how the matter stands.

Whereas, the case of Alexander M'Leod, arrested and held to bail for a capital offence, has become a matter of serious importance, and to which the attention of our fellow-citizens in every part of the country is directed, we as citizens of the village of Lockport, and county of Niagara, feeling anxious that such steps should be taken in the matter, as shall be consistent with our rights, the supremacy of our laws, and a vindication of our national honor, disavow all intention of prejudging the case of said Alexander M'Leod or to do aught that shall have a tendency to prevent said M'Leod from having a fair and impartial trial acting on the legal maxim, that the accused should be presumed innocent until proved guilty. Therefore,

Resolved, That we are highly gratified that Capt. Wm. Buel has seen fit to place M'Leod again in custody, especially as it is but a few days before the sitting of our Court, when the Grand Jury will pass upon his case, under the direction of the Court.

Resolved, That we highly approve the recent answer of Mr. Forsyth to the unjust demand of Mr. Fox for the discharge of said M'Leod, and the sentiments of Messrs. Fillmore, Cushing, and Alford, delivered in Congress, fully meet our approbation, and are such as the exigency of the case, and the honor of the nation called for.

Important from Montreal—Union of the Canadas—First Parliament.—We learn from Montreal, that Governor General Thompson will issue his proclamation on the 8th inst. declaring the union of the two Provinces, and for the assembling of the new Parliament at Kingston in May next.

Kingston, the new capital of the United Province, is situated at the lower end of Lake Ontario, nearly opposite Oswego and Sackett's Harbor.—[*N. Y. Herald.*

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—On Friday evening last the dwelling of Mr. J. Starr, of Hendetson, in this county, was consumed and *three children, the eldest 6 years, the youngest* 18 *months perished in the flames.* It appears that Mrs. Starr was absent on a visit to one of her neighbors and that Mr. Starr was also a short distance from the house—on an errand—when the house took fire. Previous to leaving the house the parents placed the two eldest children in a bed, and the youngest in a cradle, designing to be from home but a very short space of time; they returned, but to witness the awful destruction of their hopes. The remains of the three were found lying together, provingr that the younges had sought the company for the eldest but to share with them a most horrible death. *Watertown Jeffersonian.*

Sugar from Beet Root.—In Bohemia the manufacture of sugar from beet root is very great. Of 52 manufactories, there are at present 46 at work, not to mention many refining houses. There are also nine manufactories for syrup from potato meal. During the last working season, 35,000 quintals of sugar were made. A great part of this goes to Austria.—*N. Y. Standard.*

Canadian Tobacco.—Upper Canada tobacco, raised between Niagara and Detroit rivers, is an important article of export from Quebec. The runaway slaves and free blacks of Virginia, Kentucky and elsewhere, who have settled there, have carried with them a practical knowledge of its cultivation.—*Ib.*

Peace between England and China.—By the packet ship North America, Capt. Lowber, we have London papers of the evening of the 6th and Liverpool of the 7th.

The chief news of importance is from China and India Great Britain seems to be sweeping all Asia before her arms.

The Chinese question is settled—the War in Cabool is terminated—and Mehemet Ali is thoroughly and effectually subdued.

Our advices are from Bombay to the 1st ult, Alexandria to the 24th ult., and Malta to the 28th.

Shortly after the capture of Chusan, Admiral Elliott, in proceeding to the Pecho river, was met by a mandarin of the third rank of the Chinese Empire, though some accounts say by the Emperor himself. while others affirm that Admiral Elliot had arrived at Pekin, and had an audience of the Emperor.

The Emperor had agreed to pay 3,000,000*l* for the expenses incurred by the British in making war; other authorities state 2,000,000*l* sterling as indemnity for the opium seized, and 1,000,000*l* for the expenses of the war.

The Emperor, either himself or through his officers, has expressed pacific intentions to the Admiral, and he disavows the actions of his Commissioner Lin. This latter indeed, has fallen into disgrace, and the Emperor offers to surrender him into the hand of the English, to be dealt with as they think proper.

Chusan is not to be given up until the treaty is signed.

☞ The death of Rear Admiral Sir Philip B. Vere-Brooke, the officer who commanded the Shannon in her engagement with the Chesapake during the last war, on which occasion he was severely wounded, and for which he was made a Baronet, is announced in the last London papers.

Explosion.—An explosion of the steam boiler in the India Rubber Factory, Providence, R. I., took place on the 29th inst., killing several persons.

Terrible.—A Mrs. Mair, of Fredom township. Ill., on the 1st inst,, in a fit of insanity, threw her infant into the fire, by which it was burnt to a crisp. The little sufferer made frequent attempts to escape the flames but as often did the insane mother thrust it in again, until it perished amid the embers. Mrs. M. has heretofore been subject to fits of mental aberration.

A man of gentlemanly appearance dropped dead in Cambridge street Boston, on Friday evening last.—He proved to be Judge Butler of Augusta Maine.

Shocking Calamity.—The Kalamazoo Gazette says on Tuesday evening last, while Elder Mack and his wife of Prairie Ronde, were from home, their house with five persons in it, was entirely consumed by fire. —*Buff. Com. Adv.*

A Harrisburgh paper gives a case of absence of mind thus:—A girl who was of our first loves, was one night lighting us out, after having passed a delightful evening, and in a bashful repidation she blew us out of the door, and drew the candlestick behind the door and kissed it.

Married.

On Thursday, the 28th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Wyckoff, Mr. Evert J. Lansing, merchant, to Miss Harriet Maria, daughter of William Gladding, all of this city.

On Saturday morning, the 30th ult., by the Rev. A. R. Speers, Mr. William A. Fitch, to Miss Jane Brown all of this city.

On Thursday, the 28th ult, by the Rev. Mr. Crounce, of Guilderland, Mr. Samuel Rankin, of this city, to Miss Mary, daughter of Wm. Merrifield of Guilderland.

DIED.

In New York, Monday evening, Jan, 25th Henry Green, son of T. G. and Loretta Wait, aged 6 years and one month.

In this city on Sunday last, Hannah wife of Edwin Thomas, aged 38 years.

In this city on Saturday last, Amos S. Wescott, aged 45 years. On Monday evening, Harriet, wife of Albert Dibble, aged 20.

At Woodstock, James W. Daniels, formerly of this city, aged 27.

On Saturday evening, Alida, daughter of Elijah and Mary Dygert.

At Newtown, L. I Gertrude, wife of Wm. Sacket, 52. At Barre, Mass. Seth Lee, 70. At Hamilton, Madison co. Cotton Mather, son of Rev. N. Hendrick. In Pa. Rebecca, wife of the Hon. Henry A. Muhlenburgh, 59. In Troy, Martha Farling, 61. In Berlin, Rensselaer, James Main, 96. At Pittsfield, Mass. Mrs. Rebecca Gardiner, mother of Judge Gardiner, of Rochester. In Binghampton, David Crocker, At Rodman, Jefferson, Nathan Strong, 72. In Norwich, Nathan Pendleton, 68. In Owasco, Dr. Joriah Brevier, 58. In Norwich, Elder Burdich, 76. In Roxbury, Mary, wife of John B. Gould, 43. In Litchfield, Wm. Bacon, 81. At Fort Neck, L. I. Miss Maria Onderdonk, 80. At Brooklyn, Mrs. Catharine Mintoyne, 70.

In New York, Catherine, wife of Thomas Alsop.—Sarah, wife of Gen. Peter Van Zandt, 70. Madeline, wife of Isaac Gibson, 30. Rosetta, wife of the late John R. Skiddy, 68. Ann, wife of Capt. Wm. Rysdyk, 36. John Shatsell, 36. Miss Julia Ann Barnes. Mary Heutis, 21. Francis Marrier. 22. Charles Murray 57. Mrs. Ann Brown, 46. Dr. John W. Ansley, 32. Wm. Henry Hickson, 29.

ALBANY AMPHITHEATRE.

THIS EVENING, (Saturday) Feb. 6,.

The performance will commence with the
IRON CHEST.

Sir Edward Mortimer	Mr. Jackson.
Wilfred	Mrs. PRESTON.

After which, in the circle,

Star and Waltz Entree.

Songs, by Mrs. Hood, Messrs. Dickinson, and Plumer.

Horsemanship, by Messrs. Aymar, Madigan and Shindle.

Mr. Young, the astounding Positionist, will appear.

On Monday, Timour the Tartar.

For particulars, see small bills.

Doors open at 6. performance to commence a quarter before 7 o'clock.

N. B. No ladies admitted, unless accompanied by a gentleman.

Boxes 50 cents. Pit 25 cents.

Equestrian manager, Mr. Needham; stage manager, Mr. Jackson; clowns Messrs. May and Knapp.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy,	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Gen.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport Nia.	2nd Thursday
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	last Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council S & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, 33 Jones street, New York City.
Tallmage Fairchild, Cxsackie.
Joel D. Smith, Castleton.
James Tefft, Coeymans.
S. C. Leggett, Troy.
S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.
Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.
John S. Weed, West Greenfield.
Ebenezer Mix, Batavia.
Blanchard Powers, Cowlsville.
James Cavanagh, Watertown.
Myron L. Burwell, Lockport.
C. R. Vary, Borodino.
Robert King, Rochester.
Francis Milo, Kingston, U. C.
Lewis S. Deleplain. Wheeling, Va.
Isaac Cromie, Louisville, Kentucky.
A. C. Smith, Mount Clemens, Michigan
J. H. M'Mahon, Memphis, Tennessee.
James A. Miller, Mobile, Alabama.
G. L. Cope. jr. Savannah.
A. C. Davis, Portsmouth, Ohio.
D. M. Sheffield, Tallahasse.
A. S. Pfister, Columbus,
Jacob Nichols, Wellsburgh, Va.
Richard B. Dallam, St. Louis, Mo.
H. Colman, Liberty, Missouri,
George Fisher, Houston, Republic of Texas.

COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE
Albany, 10th October, 1840.

NOTICE.—Lands sold for arrears of taxes in May and June 1839, pursuant to title 3, chapter 13, part 1, of the Revised Statutes. I hereby give notice, that unless the lands sold for arrears of taxes, at the sale above mentioned, shall be redeemed on or before the 18th day of June next, by paying into the treasury the amount for which the respective parcels or tracts were sold, together with the interest, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, from the date of the sale to the day of redemption, such land so sold and remaining unredeemed, will on application, be conveyed to the purchasers.

BATES COOK, Comptroller.

N. B. The editor of every public newspaper in this state will give the above notice one insertion for each week, for six weeks successively. Let the first paper containing the notice be sent to the Comptroller's office, and a bill at the close of publication. True bill by law will amount to $2 75. dec 16-1t

CORNING & COOK Book-Binders, 67 State, corner of James streets, (formerly Middle Lane,) Albany. BLANK BOOK every description made to order. Paper of any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of BOOK BINDING in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment.

☞ General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

POETRY.

STANZAS.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light:
Around are unexampled buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The city's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown,
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolves in star showers thrown;
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me—and a tone
Arises from its measured motion;
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have not hope nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
Who walked with inward glory crowned;
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure;
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away my life of care,
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not—and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

THE LAST DAY.

From the "Omnipresence of the Deity." by Robert Montgomery

Ages has awful Time been travelling on,
And all his children to one tomb have gone;
The varied wonders of the peopled earth,
In equal turn have gloried in their birth:
We live and toil—and triumph and decay—
Thus age on age rolls unperceived away;
And thus 'twill be, till heaven's last thunders roar,
And Time and Nature shall exist no more!

O! say what Fancy, though endowed sublime,
Can picture truly that tremendous time,
When the last sun shall blaze upon the sea,
And earth be dashed into eternity!
A cloudy mantle will enwrap that sun
Whose face so many worlds have gazed upon!
The placid moon, beneath whose pensive beam
We all have loved to wander and to dream,
Dyed into blood, shall glare from pole to pole,
And light the airy tempests as they roll!
And those sweet stars, that like familiar eyes,
Are wont to smile a welcome from the skies,
Thick as the hail drops, from their depths will bound,
And far terrific meteors flash around!—
But while the skies are shattered by the war
Of planet, moon, rent cloud, and down-shot star—
Stupendous wreck below!—a burning world!
As if the flames of hell were on the winds unfurled!

Around the horizon wheels one furnace blaze,
Streaking the black heavens with gigantic rays;
Now bursting into wizard phantoms bright,
And now immingled in a sea of light!
Till romping hurricanes unroll on high,
And whirl the fire clouds quivering through the sky;
Like sea foam pashed upon a mountain side,
When the mad winds upon the surges ride.

And lo! the sea: along her ruined shore
The white waves gallop with delirious roar!
Till Ocean, in her agonizing throe,
Bounds, swells and sinks, like leaping hills of snow!
While downward tumbling crags and torrents sweep,
And wildly mingle with the blaze-lit deep.

And now, while shadowy worlds career around,
While mountains tremble and while earthquakes sound,
While waves and winds rush roaring to the fray,
Who shall abide the horrors of the day?
How shall we turn our horror stricken eye,
To gaze upon the fire throned Deity?

Hark! from the deep of heaven, a trumpet-sound
Thunders the dizzy universe around!
From north to south, from east to west, it rolls,
A blast that summons all created souls!
And swift as ripples rise upon the deep,
The dead awaken from their dismal sleep:
The Sea has heard it!—coiling up with dread,
Myriads of mortals flash from out her bed!
The graves fly open, and awful strife,
The dust of ages startles into life!

All who have breathed, or moved, or seen, or felt
All they around whose cradles kingdoms knelt;
Tyrants and warriors, who careered in blood;
The great and mean, the glorious and the good,
Are plucked from every isle and land and tomb
To hear their changeless and eternal doom?

Now while the universe is wrapped in fire,
Ere yet the splendid ruin shall expire,
Beneath the canopy of flame, behold
With glittering banners at his feet unrolled
Earth's Judge!—around seraphic minstrels throng
Breathing o'er golden harps celestial song:
While melodies aerial and sublime
Weave a wild death dirge o'er departing Time!—

Imagination! furl thy wings of fire,
And on eternity's dread brink expire;
Fain would thy red and raging eye behold
Visions of Immortality unrolled.
The last the fiery chaos hath begun
Quenched is the moon! and blackened is the sun!
The stars have bounded mid the airy roar;
Crushed lie the rocks and mountains are no more:
The deep unbosomed with tremendous gloom
Yawns on the ruin like creation's tomb!

And lo! the living harvest of the earth,
Reaped from the grave to share a second birth;
Millions of eyes, with one deep dreadful stare,
Gaze upward through the burning realms of air;
While shapes, and shrouds, and ghastly features gleam,
Like lurid snow flakes in the moonlight beam.

And see! amid the skies' terrific glare,
Like a wild planet wheeling through the air,
The Eternal Spirit, on a fiery car,
Cleaves through the clouds, and blazes from afar!
And, like an ocean-vollied from his throne,
Roars the deep thunder of his judgement tone!—
Winged on the wind, and warbling hymns of love,
Behold the blessed soar to realms above;
The cursed, with hell uncovered to their eye,
Shake, shrink, and vanish in a whirlwind cry!
Creation shudders with sublime dismay,
And in a blazing tempest whirls away!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE RECALL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Alas! the kind, the playful, and the gay,
They who have gladdened their domestic board,
And cheered the winter hearth—do they return?
Joanna Baillie.

Come home! there is a sorrowing breath
In music since ye went;
And the early flower-scents wander by
With mournful memories blent:
The sounds of every household voice
Are grown more sad and deep,
And the sweet word—*Brother*—wakes a wish
To turn aside and weep.

O ye beloved, come home!—the hour
Of many a greeting tone,
The time of hearth-light and of song
Returns—and ye are gone!
And darkly, heavily it falls
On the forsaken room,
Burdening the heart with tenderness,
That deepens midst the gloom.

Where finds it *you*, our wandering ones?
With all your boyhood's glee
Untamed, beneath the desert's palm,
Or on the lone mid sea?
'Mid stormy hills of battles old,
Or where dark rivers foam?
Oh! Life is dim where ye are not—
Back, ye beloved! come home!

Come with the leaves and winds of spring:
And swift birds o'er the mind!
Our love is grown too sorrowful,
Bring us its youth again!
Bring the glad tones to music back—
—Still, your home is fair;
The spirit of your sunny life
Alone is wanting there!

GATHER RIPE FRUITS, O DEATH!

BY THOMAS RAGG.

Gather ripe fruits, O Death!
Strew not the pathway of the tomb with flowers,
Invade not childhood with thy withering breath,
Pass on, and touch not youth's bright sunny bowers.

There are enough for thee
Of hearts that long for thy serene repose,
That fain among the lowly-laid would be,
Pierced deep with festering wounds that will not close.

Go to the desolate,
Whom thou hast robbed of every star-bright thing,
On whom the smiles of hope no longer wait,
Whose loves have passed upon the morning's wing.

Go to the wearied frame,
That seeks to slumber on the grave's cold breast,
That finds life's pleasures but an empty name,
And longs to flee away and be at rest.

Go to the saints of God,
Whose souls are weary of the world and sin,
Who fain would tread the path their Saviour trod,
And greet the tomb that lets heaven's glories in.

Take these, take these to rest,
But smite not childhood in its mirthful play,
Snatch not the infant from its mother's breast,
Steal not the loved and loving ones away!

Gather ripe fruits, O Death!
Strew not the pathway of the tomb with flowers,
Invade not childhood with thy withering breath,
Pass on, and touch not youth's bright fragrant bowers

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